

1488 g. 12 (3)¹⁰

ARMEN

IN OMNIBUS REBUS CATHOLICIS

FREDERIC

WALLEN PRINCIPIS



AN

O D E.



CARMEN

IN OBITUM REGIÆ CELSITUDINIS

FREDERICI,

WALLIÆ PRINCIPIS.

Autore GULIELMO DUNKIN, D. D.



DUBLINI:
Impensis GEORGII FAULKNERI, in vico vulgo Essex-Street.
MDCCCLII.

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[A] N
O D E

ON THE
D E A T H

Of his ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK,
PRINCE OF WALES.

Translated from the LATIN ORIGINAL, by
the AUTHOR.



DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in Essex-Street.
MDCCLII,

ORNATISSIMO DOMI MILITIÆQ;

JUVENI, RITE HONORABILI

DOMINO,

GEORGIO SACVILLE,

C A R M E N

IN OBITUM REGIÆ CELSITUDINIS

F R E D E R I C I,

WALLIÆ PRINCIPIS, &c.

GENTE SACVILLA puer orte, Phœbo
Gente devotâ, mediis in armis
Qui colis musas, et utrâque fulges
Pallade dives,



Dum

TO THE
 MOST ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH
 in PEACE and WARFARE,
 The RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD
GEORGE SACKVILLE,
 O D E
 ON THE
 DEATH of his ROYAL HIGHNESS
F R E D E R I C,
 PRINCE OF WALES, &c.

I.

O TRUE Descendant of an ancient Line,
 A Line devoted to the Delphic Charms,
 With double Ornament ordain'd to shine,
 To court the Muses in the Midst of Arms,
 And make the Gifts of either PALLAS thine !

Dum pater clavo subit, imperandi
 Dexter, antiquos repetens honores,
 Et dies festos populo daturus

Rector *Ærne's*;

Thespias audi, puer O ! puellas
 Sorte plorantes rigidâ recisum
 Jam suum DAPHNIM, et gelidam struentes
 Floribus urnam.

Arbiter divum folio sereno,
 Sæpe nimboſas meditatûs iras,
 Serus at vindex ſclerum, per auras
 Tela coruſcat.

Fulminis longè fragor irruentis
 Ingruit : celſæ cecidere turres,
 Nec ſuis fanis rabioſa cæli
 Dextra pepercit.

Lapſa

II.

While with a sage and steady-ruling Hand
 Thy Sire advances to the civil Helm,
 And re-assumes his long-resign'd Command,
 To dignify *Hibernia's* loyal Realm,
 And give glad Days and Blessings to the Land :

III.

Wrapt in the penfive, solitary Gloom,
 Attend, O SACKVILLE ! to the tuneful Maids,
 Lamenting DAPHNIS, in his manly Bloom,
 Their Genius ravish'd to the dreary Shades,
 And strowing Flow'rets on his Clay-cold Tomb.

IV.

The Sire of Gods, serenely thron'd on high,
 Though often brav'd to vent his treasur'd Rage,
 Yet late in Vengeance, bids his Angels fly,
 To blast the Vices of an impious Age,
 And hurl his flaming Terrors through the Sky.

V.

From Pole to Pole the forky Lightning plays,
 And Murmurs deep rebellow to the Brand :
 The Tow'rs of Pride, that 'rose with mimic Rays,
 Low sink, nor has the red Almighty Hand
 From its own Fanes with-held the pointed Blaze.

Lapſa majeſtas nemorum in favillas,
 Spes colonorum gravidis ariſtis
 Arſit : humanum genus et ferarum
 Horruit iſtu.

Parca ſic nuper populo *Britanno*,
 Heu nimis læto ! gravis imminebat :
 Occidit ſæcli decus, et paternæ
 Lucis imago.

Altius fidis animis inhæſit,
 Jure qui mores patrios referret;
 Qui ſacras leges et avita regni
 Fræna teneret.

Nos et ardentes oculos manuſque
 Supplices pro te, FREDERICE, regum
 Tendimus regi, precibuſque feris
 Tundimus aſtra.

Interim

VI.

The Cloud-invading Pine, the Monarch-Oak,
 Are humbled into Dust ; in pregnant Ears,
 The Peasant's Hopes are blighted into Smoke ;
 And Man and Beast with agonizing Fears,
 And conscious Horror, shudder at the Stroke.

VII.

Thus o'er *Britannia's* gleeful Visage bright
 The baneful Cloud of unrelenting Fate
 Disastrous hung : The meek-reflected Light
 Of Majesty benign, and regal State,
 Is lost, and set in everlasting Night.

VIII.

Fixt in our Hearts unalienable, shone
 A Prince, who, glowing for the public Cause,
 Might trace his Father's Virtues through his own,
 Sustain the Sanctities of equal Laws,
 And fill the Glories of his Grandfire's Throne.

IX.

Fond as our Hopes and Expectations rise,
 Our heaving Bosoms with Devotion pant ;
 We lift the suppliant Hands, the fervent Eyes,
 For thee, O Prince! our matin Vows we chant,
 And importune, alas ! too late the Skies.

Interim sanctæ superûm choreæ
Voce plaudebant fidibusque et alis :
Tu nimis palmam celeri perennem
Morte tulisti.

Imperî fasces miserisque semper
Asperum curis diadema fordent
Jam tibi ; nubes fugiunt, patetque
Regia cæli.

Gentium rector pater atque custos
Et, viro raptim spoliata charo,
Uxor infando stupuere luctu :
Casta sororum

Fletibus fufis maduit, venustas :
Regios miscent pueri dolores,
Atque natarum pietas reposcit
Balba parentem.

X.

Mean while the full angelic Band with Strings
 Divine, attemp'r'd to the vocal Breath,
 Gave loud Acclaim, and clapp'd their choral Wings:
 You sprang, you snatch'd with over-hasty Death
 A Crown of Glory from the King of Kings.

XI.

The Crown, the Scepter of imperial Might
 And Tiar, fet with ever-pricking Cares,
 Now fade in dim Objection to thy Light:
 The Clouds retreat, approach the radiant Spheres,
 And Heav'n's wide Palace opens to thy Sight.

XII.

The Ruler, Father, Guardian, Guide below
 Of happy Nations, and the princely Fair,
 With dumb Amazement felt the double Blow:
 The faithful Consort in the rising Heir
 For ever lost, unutterable Woe!

XIII.

The vestal Sisters to the Shade retire,
 And bathe their Beauties with a Tide of Tears:
 The Royal Boys in mutual Sighs conspire,
 And Babes, unconscious of their orphan Years,
 With lisping Piety demand their Sire.

XIV.

Fata post almæ genetricis atra
Tum Ducis primo labefactus ardor,
Tumque crudeli didicit dolere
Vulnere frater.

Te pii reges, FREDERICE, raptum
Rite fleverunt; furor impotentum
Substitit paulum, cinerique mœstos
Solvit honores.

Alterâ vero viduæ columnâ,
Libera magni genitoris urbes
Quos (piget fari) gemitus dedere!
Quasve querelas!

Sic licet sævi fluere venti,
Puppe jam fractâ, revolutus æstu,
Pontus insanit, reboantque rauco
Littora planctu.

XIV.

Then WILLIAM's Ardour, since the Fates deprest
 His gracious Mother to the gloomy Grave,
 Was first abated : then the Chief distressed
 Was taught to shake : then deeply felt the Brave
 A second Wound beneath a Brother's Breast.

XV.

Belov'd, rever'd, untimely pluckt away,
 Thee, pious Kings, O FREDERIC, condol'd:
 The lawless Lust of arbitrary Sway,
 The Rage of Tyrants paus'd, awhile controul'd,
 And paid sad Honours to thy sacred Clay.

XVI.

But through the Cities free, the peopled Pow'rs
 Of mighty GEORGE, their other Pillar rent,
 What Sorrows burst'd into briny Show'rs !
 What plaintive Cries of rueful Discontent
 And Lamentations pierc'd their lofty Tow'rs !

XVII.

So when a Vessel, fraught with spicy Store,
 Is wreck'd, though Tempests into Silence fell,
 The fretted Billows, rolling to the Shore,
 Yet restless foaming into Fury swell,
 And hoarse the Coast remurmurs to the Roar.

XVIII.

Forte mercator, nimium gavisus
Merce venturâ modò, de propinquâ
Rupe funestas pelagi ruinas
Prospicit expes.

Alipes famæ spatiis iniquis
Corruit virtus: pudor hinc, honoris
Proditor veri, refugit, fidesque
Cana sub umbras.

At tibi circa tumulum capillis
Gratiæ (quod sic decuere) passis,
Sæpe vectigal referent camenæ
Triste—canorum.

Quippe dum bello tonuit flagranti, et,
Pro focis arisque ruens, nefandos
Civium frater rapido furores
Turbine fregit.

XVIII.

The Merchant, lately big with coming Gain,
 A golden Tide to gild his future Days,
 From neighb'ring Rocks, in Bitterness of Pain
 Aghast, desponding, haply now surveys
 The dismal Ruins of the ruthless Main.

XIX.

Wing-footed Merit in the narrow Race
 Of Glory fell, before it reach'd the Goal :
 Hence virgin Modesty, whose blushing Grace
 Betrays true Worth and Fortitude of Soul,
 And Faith, fair Faith beseech the Shades apace.

XX.

But round thy solemn Tomb in black Array
 The Graces, decent with disorder'd Hair,
 Shall often—often shall the Muses pay
 The growing Debt of Gratitude sincere,
 And weeping wake the sweet-lamenting Lay.

XXI.

For while thy Brother, with heroic Zeal,
 In Battle thunder'd on perfidious Lands,
 Inspir'd by civil and religious Weal,
 Oppos'd the Torrent of rebellious Bands,
 And broke their Fury with tempestuous Hail.

Qualis intonsa nitidus juventa
 Phœbus, æternum superare limen,
 Et feris ausos manibus parentem
 Pellere regno,

Acer iratis petiit sagittis
 Impios terræ juvenes, et, astra
 Pura rapturum, Stygias retorfit
 Agmen ad umbras.

Tu satas cælo, genus unde vestrum,
 Pace fovisti genialis artes,
 Ausus arcanos aperire fontes
 Laudis honestæ :

Hinc mari terrâque potens *Britannum*
 Cresceret nomen, latius pelasgo,
 Prisca nec primos sibi vindicaret
 Roma triumphos.

XXII.

As waving Locks, that shed ambrosial Dew,
 APOLLO, flush'd with rosy Youth unshorn,
 From teeming Quiver baleful Arrows drew,
 And wing'd with Fate, in hissing Eddy borne,
 Discharg'd his Vengeance on the recreant Crew.

XXIII.

The Sons of Earth, whose Phrensy would invade
 The blissful Mansions with gigantic Wars,
 Dethrone his Father, and elate essay'd
 With impious Hands to grasp the lucid Stars,
 He smote, retorting to the *Stygian* Shade.

XXIV.

Those Arts, descended from thy native Skies,
 Thy Bounty cherish'd with pacific Wings :
 Thy godlike Spirit could propose the Prize,
 The tempting Prize, unlock the mystic Springs,
 And bid the drooping Sons of Genius rise.

XXV.

Hence great *Britannia* should extend her Name
 O'er the vast Continent and surgy Tide,
 Beyond the Limits of *Athenian* Claim :
 Nor should old *Rome* with arrogating Pride
 Boast higher Triumphs, or a fairer Fame.

Hinc chorus Phœbi graviore plectro
 Gentis AUGUSTÆ caneret trophæa,
 Proque labenti patriâ fluentem
 Sponte cruorem.

Hinc et heroes, gremio sepulti
 Noctis, in lucem liquidam redirent,
 Atque flagrant agili feroces
 Marte tabellæ.

Viverent cæsi lapides figuris,
 Quin et horrerent gladiis minaces,
 Perque spirarent animæ silentum
 Ora loquaces.

Hinc Io, cives merito triumphæ
 Dicerent — sed quo feror evaganti
 Mente? nil Clio modulatur altum;
 Nil pia reddit

XXVI.

Hence raptur'd Poets, in sublimer Strains,
 With martial Heat should animate the Base ;
 In Quest of Valour, through the tented Plains,
 Should recognize the Trophies of thy Race ;
 And patriot Blood, effus'd from willing Veins.

XXVII.

Hence Heroes, bury'd in the Womb of Night,
 Their Shades undignify'd, should full return
 With manly Graces into liquid Light,
 And, kindled into Rage, the Canvas burn
 With active Terrors and tumultuous Fight.

XXVIII.

Then rigid Rocks, 'ennobled with Design,
 Should soften, wounded into living Forms,
 Or menacing with Arms horrific shine ;
 And silent Chiefs, revolving hostile Storms,
 Should breathe, and speak thro' each exalted Line.

XXIX.

Britannia's Voice, in universal Quire,
 Should waft her Triumphs to the distant Sky—
 But whither devious would my Thought aspire ?
 In vain the languid Muse attempts to fly,
 In vain to strike the silver-sounding Lyre.

Icta testudo, nisi luctuosum :
Cum suo Phœbo fugiunt colores,
Nec quid effingit manus arte præter
Flebile bustum.

O recens ! longum dolor O future
Millibus !——vos at soboles Minervæ,
Este felices, animisque dias
Pascite flammæ.

Stirpis avulsæ numerosa proles
Aureos vernat genitura fructus,
Atque diversis procul hospitales
Gentibus umbras.

En ! avus vivit, fruiturque famâ
Posthumâ presens : viget æqua mater,
Docta parendo patriis habenis
Regna tueri.

XXX.

The melting Strings, officious to thy Dust,
 Return no Notes, but Notes of deepest Dole :
 The Colours, lately to the Graces just,
 Now die, divested of the Sun, their Soul,
 And plastic Art but moulds the mournful Bust,

XXXI.

Invention sickens at the Work she frames :
 O early lost ! O long to be deplor'd
 By thousands !—Yet immortalize your Names,
 Ye Sons of PALLAS ; yet with Bliss be stor'd,
 And feed your Bosoms with etherial Flames.

XXXII.

See from the Stem, that perish'd with your Vows,
 With orient Buds a copious Issue rise,
 To prop your Laws, your Liberties espouse,
 To teem with golden party-colour'd Fruit,
 And shelter Nations with extended Boughs.

XXXIII.

The Granfire lives, now future Fame obtains,
 And eyes the distant in the present Day :
 The Royal Dame, to patronize the Swains,
 PASTORA blooms, by learning to obey,
 Well taught to guide the soft paternal Reins.

XXXIV.

XXX

Instruit turmas GULIELMUS acres,
 Perfidos audax agitare Gallos,
 Ridet et musis, oriturque nostris
 Sydus Athenis.

XXXI

F I N I S.

XXXII

XXXIII

XXXIV

XXXIV.

Now WILLIAM points his Thunderbolts of War;
 Now, keen to chase the perjur'd *Gaul*, arrays
 His fiery Troops; yet from his laurel'd Car
 Smiles on the Muses, propagates their Bays,
 And soars our ALMA's tutelary Star.

THE
 POETICAL MIRROR.

THE END.

Translated into English Blank Verse by
 the AUTHOR,
 WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.

With several other Performances
 by the same Hand.

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